

The Guide to Holiness.

MAY, 1859.

EDITORIAL PAPERS.

HOLINESS IN ITS RELATIONS TO PULPIT PREPARATION.

The doctrine that the Holy Ghost calls the true minister of the gospel to his responsible work, is generally received, we believe, among Christians. Great abilities, thorough mental culture, even where they are connected with genuine piety, are not considered as alone sufficient. These are, indeed, acknowledged as never more nobly appropriated than when laid upon the altar of its sacred service. But the Holy Ghost must *sanction* such an appropriation. It is His work, and He reserves the right to designate those who are to be His ministers.

This being conceded, the truth is naturally suggested that the Holy Ghost alone can give a full qualification for this work.

That his *regenerating* grace, as essential and great as it is allowed to be, is not such a complete fitness, all true gospel ministers have, to some extent at least, felt. The vacillations of faith, and the consequent painful conflicts of that state, between the flesh and the spirit, are incompatible with the highest efficiency in the work of saving men. But having the fulness of God, the Christian minister has a power stimulating to their most vigorous action every natural and acquired ability.

A few considerations will intimate its immediate bearing upon his preparation for the pulpit.

I. It enlarges his apprehension of divine truth.

As an ambassador of Christ, the minister has a message from Him to a dying world—a message, the proper reception of which involves man's eternal destiny. It is of vital importance, therefore, that it come from a heart on which it is written, not in the cold lines of mere intellectual perception, nor yet with the too feeble impressions of an imperfect purification, but in the glowing letters which the Holy Ghost writes upon a tablet which He himself has prepared by cleansing it from all sin.

"We speak that we do know," said the Saviour to Nicodemus, speaking for himself and all who should follow Him in preaching the gospel. The sanctified minister *knows* whereof he affirms in a larger sense than others; and, since out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, he will go into the pulpit best fitted to awaken and convict others.

We need not say how indispensable a part of

his preparation this is. It has made unlearned men, of only ordinary abilities, mighty in pulling down the strongholds of wickedness, and in confounding the wisdom of the wise. Without it, learning and genius have been unfruitful in the pulpit; but, when united with them, it has secured the highest possible human agency for the world's redemption.

2. From the enlarged apprehension of divine truth, a fruitful state of mind in selecting topics for the pulpit will necessarily arise.

We think it was in Dr. Porter's valuable work on Homiletics that we read, many years ago, the statement that the minister who felt, at any time, that he had "nothing to preach about," was not living near to God. Making due allowance for mental exhaustion and physical prostration, and the infirmities inseparable from our frail nature, the truths of God's word so richly dwell in the sanctified minister that he will have no difficulty, from lack of interest, in selecting one of them to present to his people. Then while he will feel the necessity of seeking wisdom from above in choosing those most appropriate and timely, his heart will be a treasury out of which he may bring things new and old.

The practical doctrines of religion have a vast importance to him, and he cannot be at loss in enforcing them. The enmity of the natural heart against God has a sad meaning to him, for he has felt its force so as to *compel* him to speak of it. And since he lives by faith, *faith* will ever be a fruitful subject of conversation as well as discourse. Heaven and hell are not to him topics on which to indulge a glowing imagination, nor yet to exercise an ability for logical discussion. They have a solemn and awful meaning. Heaven is the goal for which he has laid aside *every* worldly entanglement, and separated himself unto the gospel of Christ. How can he lack interest in dwelling upon it. Hell is the "wrath to come"—"the wrath of the Lamb," which, to his faith, is the substance of things feared. He cannot shrink from declaring it to others. He is ready to lift up his voice and spare not, lest the blood of the lost be found staining his garments.

3. Entire sanctification gives most fully to the minister the Christ-like spirit which is so necessary a part of pulpit preparation. He "reproves, rebukes, and exhorts, with all long-suffering and doctrine." The spirit dwells in him which was also in Christ Jesus. He is ready to esteem others better than himself. He will be hated, because wicked men hate the truth which he speaks, but his spirit of love and meekness adds greatly to the force of what he utters. It is a fitness for the pulpit, of great price in the sight of the Head of the Church. By it he is enabled to hide himself behind the cross, while he holds it up to his congregation as their only and blessed hope of eternal life.

How favored a period that will be for the church, when every "school of the prophets," every conference, association, and presbtery—

when the heart of every pastor even, shall be pervaded with this *fulness of God*.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

AN INTERESTING SKETCH OF EARLY PIETY.

BY S. D. H.

[We deem the following worthy of insertion, not as taking the place of an experience of entire holiness, but as being a well-narrated account of conversion in childhood; and containing such incidental allusions as will make it interesting to all, but of special profit to the young. Let our friends direct the attention of their children to the article, with the earnest prayer that their tender hearts may be reached.—ED.]

Rev. H. V. Degen:—My attention was directed to the "Guide" about two years since by an eminently pious young minister of Jesus; and since I have taken it, I have wished it were more extensively circulated. Within the last six weeks, without any trouble, I have obtained *ten* new subscribers, and hope to get a number more for the commencement of the new year. God speed you in this good work. I believe you will never know the good accomplished by this periodical until the day of final reckoning.

I have several times been urged to write an article or two for the "Personal Experience" department of your magazine, and have sent this communication, submitting it entirely to your pleasure. If this communication is accepted, I may write of other blessings received, for God has dealt very bountifully with his unworthy handmaiden.

Both my parents were made the subjects of saving grace, and connected themselves with the M. E. Church in childhood. When I was four years old, my father entered the itinerant ranks; and, thirty-five years ago, a Methodist preacher's office was no *sinecure*. I very distinctly remember some of the hardships he endured on his first circuits. You will naturally infer that my religious training was not neglected; and I would beg the indulgence of a passing tribute to the memory of my sainted father and mother, who have each gone from labor to reward, my mother nearly twenty, and my father eleven years since. One of my earliest recollections is, kneeling at my little stool during family prayer when not more than three years old; and another, my mother's closet prayers with us. It was her custom to take us in rotation, beginning with the eldest, into her room every evening at twilight, and talk to us of God and Heaven, and then pray with us. Many, many times have the precious tears fallen on my head like drops of rain, while she has been pleading for blessings on her only daughter; and many, many times, when tempted to do wrong, as I grew up to girlhood after my gentle mother's death, did I seem to feel those tears upon my head, pause, resist the temptation and escape the condemnation and guilt of sin. I was carefully instructed in the doctrines of our church, and taught many of our most beautiful hymns; but, above all, the Bible was my mother's favorite lesson-book. I thank God that she caused me to learn its precious words, for they have been a rich fund upon which I have drawn for comfort and support in hours of affliction and sadness, always finding something just suited to my condition. Thus I lived, almost secluded from any companionship but that of my parents and brothers; nor did I need any other, for we were so happy together. When I was ten years of age, my father and mother took me with them to a camp-meeting in the upper part of New Jersey, and there I felt my sins forgiven, and was enabled to rejoice in God my

Saviour; but, after a few months, I lost my enjoyment and the evidence of my acceptance with God, became careless, and gave way to sinful tempers and childish follies.

When nearly twelve, my precious mother, after a short and severe illness, was called "up higher," dying with words of assurance and love upon her lips. As I gazed upon her dear, dead face, all my disobedience to her and my sins against God rose up before me, and I felt I must be thoroughly changed in heart, or I could not dwell with my sainted mother in Heaven. From that hour, until I had completed my thirteenth year, I was never truly happy. I used to weep over my loss, and long for a preparation of heart to meet my mother; but the dreadful, bitter cup of *repentance*, was between me and religious enjoyment, and I could not bear to think of it. I would often exclaim mentally, "Oh, that I might be happy—*be a Christian without repenting!*" I had conceived the idea that the sorrow for sin necessary to its relinquishment must be so poignant that it would be almost like death to me. I felt that, young as I was, I had deeply sinned, for I had been favored with so much light and so many privileges, to which other children were strangers, that there was *very* much required of me. My beloved father would present religion in its most attractive garb to me, and urge me to give my heart to the Saviour; but I dreaded the humiliation of being a penitent, and letting my schoolmates know I meant to serve God. O, fearful pride in one so young. I kept my serious thoughts shut up in my own bosom, and would not have had them known by any one for any consideration. About this time the Asiatic-cholera was making its fearful ravages in England; and when it reached Canada, I felt that, should it pass over the United States, and reach our little town, I should die and be lost: still I would not repent, but at last grew familiar with accounts of death and devastation, and even that scourge was not dreaded. During the summer I went to another camp-meeting in the lower part of New Jersey, my brother next me in age being in company. On our way thither, I was so unusually volatile that my father rebuked me sharply, threatening to leave me at some farm-house on the road, unless I became more sedate. My trifling and giddy conduct was indulged in to prevent serious thoughts from troubling me. When we reached the camp-ground it was twilight; the fires had been kindled, illuminating the whole encampment; and as we passed within the circle of tents, I began to feel very solemnly.

The next day, my brother and I rambled through the woods, not attending any meetings; and the morning of the succeeding day was spent in the same manner. At the dinner table on this day, my dear father said, "I brought you here, my children, hoping that at least one of you would be converted, but I fear I shall be disappointed, as we go home early to-morrow morning." The sad tone in which these words were uttered, together with the earnest look of tender solicitude which accompanied them, made them "as a nail fastened in a sure place by the master of assemblies." Early in the summer, I had narrowly escaped drowning, and I vowed, while in the water, that if God would spare my life *then*, I would give Him my heart. This vow had troubled me, and I made a sort of compromise with conscience, saying, that if I went to camp-meeting that summer, I would seek religion. Now, I was at such a meeting—the last hours were rapidly approaching, and my vow had been unfulfilled. I could not eat, but rose hastily and went out of the tent, followed by my brother, and together we proceeded to a tent in which a prayer-meeting was in progress. My brother passed from my side between the tents; and as soon as he was gone, I slipped into the meeting, and when they went to prayer, I knelt, too; and very soon the tears were streaming down my cheeks. I was urged to go to the mourner's bench by a minister who knew me, who said my tears were an indication of my sorrow for sin. I was not conscious that I was weeping, I only thought of my sinfulness and exposure

to Divine wrath; and, when he thus addressed me, I resolved that no one else should see me weep, and tried to force back the tears, drying my eyes, but to no purpose; they would continue to flow, and again I was entreated to go forward for the prayers of God's people. This time I yielded to the request; and as I fell upon my knees, I said, audibly, "I will never rise without religion. I will have it or die here seeking it." I began to pray earnestly, and the longer I prayed the worse I felt, till at last I was so wrought upon that I feared to open my eyes, lest I should see the flames of perdition at my feet. I really thought I was sinking into the bottomless pit, and could almost hear the lamentations of the lost. Then I realized my inability to save myself, and I ventured to cast myself on the mercy of Jesus, crying, with a loud voice, "Here, Lord, I give myself away, 'tis all that I can do." "Quick as the spark from smitten steel," the blessing of pardon came, and "Glory!" burst my lips. The busy tempter whispered, "You are not yet pardoned; continue to pray for mercy." I tried to do so, but as soon as I opened my mouth, "glory" was the exclamation. I had nothing to ask; I had received "remission of sins through our Lord Jesus Christ," and now, after more than seven hours spent in agony, I rejoiced with "joy unspeakable, and full of glory." My dear brother received the assurance of pardoned sin about five minutes before me, at the end of the same bench; and when they brought him to me, we embraced each other, while shouts and tears and ascriptions of praise burst from many hearts. Dear father was truly a happy man; tears of joy ran down his cheeks; and the other preachers gathered about him, congratulating him on being able to take us both home changed in heart. I seemed to be in a new world; the stars seemed brighter; the leaves of the trees seemed to sing; and the little catydid seemed to say "praise the Lord," instead of their usual cry. I shall never forget that evening. I may forget the faces of my friends; I may forget other scenes and other days; but never, while memory lives, will that happy twelfth of August, 1831, be forgotten. Hallelujah! children may know their sins forgiven, as well as adults, and retain that knowledge, too.

Philadelphia, Oct. 3, 1853.

"Let us draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith."—Hebrew x., 22.

"How sweet it is, my child,
To live by simple faith,
Just to believe the Lord will do
Exactly what He saith."

"Does faith mean to believe
That God will surely do
Exactly what He says, Mamma,
Just as I know that you—

Will give me what I ask,
Because you love me well,
And listen patiently to hear
Whatever I may tell?"

"Yes, you may trust in God,
Just as you trust in me;
Believe, dear child, He loves you well,
And will your Father be!

For when you sought His love,
You Father up in Heaven
Looked kindly down, for Jesus' sake,
And has your sins forgiven.

And now, to pray in faith
Is simply to believe
That what you ask in Jesus' name
You surely shall receive."

Go, with your simple wants,
Go tell Him all you need;
Go put your trust in Christ alone,
Such faith is sweet, indeed."

LEILA.

GREAT TRUTHS IN SMALL WORDS.

It is said that the word of God is so plain, that a fool need not err therein, and yet the fool hath said in his heart, "there is no God." That is, it is the wish of his heart that there should be no God. He would do what seems to be right in his own eyes, and he will not take the word of God as a lamp to his feet and a light to his eyes. Such a man is called in the Book of Psalms—a fool. Hear what is there said to him!

"Lift not up your horn on high, speak not with a proud neck," "I have said that ye are gods, but all of you shall die like men." Such proud men now live. They look round on this bright world, so full of life and joy, and they say, "All these things came by chance. There is no God!" He has spread out the green grass at their feet, strewed the earth with sweet flowers to fill their hearts with joy, yet they do not say, "I will praise the name of God with a song." "It is a good thing to give thanks." They do not thank him, for they still say, "There is no God!" The moon and stars shine by night—their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. But the fool does not hear the voice of God. The sun comes forth in his strength, like a strong man to run a race—the proud man feels that the light is sweet; he is cheered with the beams of the sun, but he shuts out the light of truth from his heart, and his mind is so dark, that he still cries, "There is no God!" Dear child, such a man, though he may be rich in this world's goods, and wise in his own eyes, is, in the sight of God, a fool!

The wise man is one who loves and fears the great God who made all things. The sun, as it shines by day, and the moon and stars by night, all speak to him of God. So does the great and wide sea; the green grass at his feet; the birds, as they skim the air, or sing their songs of praise; each have a voice that seems to say God made us! It is the pure in heart who thus see God in all his works.

Do you not lift up your heart, dear child, and ask that you may be thus pure? Do you say, "Ask for me, I will call on my God, and the Lord shall save me;" "I will hear what God, the Lord, will speak;" "Oh, God, be not far from me;" "Be thou the guide of my youth?" Oh, how sweet it is to have God for a friend! How sweet it is to be one of Christ's lambs, and to keep near his side. Those who are now safe in his fold must be full of joy. They have peace which no one can take from them. Dear child, may this sweet peace and joy be ours!

Your true friend,

LEILA.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

A PASTOR'S TESTIMONY.

Rev. H. V. Degen:—Let a reader of your excellent periodical call attention to the last work of the gifted and useful sister Palmer, "The Promise of the Father." This is the most valuable of all the eminently serviceable works from her devoted pen. It exactly meets an urgent want of the church everywhere, by opening avenues of religious privilege and usefulness to a slighted majority of the membership, and by throwing a weighty sense of responsibility where it has heretofore been scarcely seen or felt. This work ought to be read by every Christian woman in America. It would be greatly to the advantage of every minister to scatter broadcast—"beside all waters"—the precious seeds of power and truth contained in this volume. It nobly defends the right of woman to witness for Christ and personal salvation. It summons the sisters of the church to a grateful service in his cause. It calls the slumbering virgins of the bride to awake and trim their lamps for the procession of the approaching bridegroom. It arrests the fashionable and frivolous professor by directing her attention to pursuits nobler and more becoming than those of fashion and folly. It points out fit employment for the idle, and useful labor for the devotees of ease and opulence in Zion. It calls, with clarion voice, to a style of religious life and activity higher than that which professors too often exemplify. It recognizes a department of power in the bosom of the church heretofore latent and closed, but which God always eminently honors and endorses, when exerted for him.

Since the issue of this work, and the distribution of only about a dozen copies on my charge, I have been astonished at the efficiency of the sisterhood when called out to earnest labor, in revival efforts, according to the theory of the prophet Joel, the Pentecost, and The Promise of the Father. Not a whit behind the strongest brethren in successful labor have they been. In visiting from house to house, in inspiring the languid to action, in persuading sinners to come to the altar, in "effectual prayer" for their conversion, and in testifying for Christ and his salvation, they have been most signally crowned with success. In all this the uniform conviction of the church and congregation coincides. A most surprising depth and power have been manifested in the salvation of men long since given up as reprobates by the church and the world.

Let the ministry be foremost in eliciting this power for Christ. Let the way be opened wide for its employment by scattering light upon the subject. Not improbably in many places the spiritual efficiency of the church would be more than doubled by this means. A devoted, united, and holy sisterhood, under the countenance, and with the prayers of the ministers and the church, could accomplish almost miraculous results. Such I have lately witnessed. Illustrative facts could easily be given, of surprising interest. May "The Promise of the Father," in all its fullness, be claimed by the church in our day, and may it be seen how glorious a fulfilment God is ready to grant on all the churches of our Zion!

Will not those sisters and mothers in our Israel, burning with holy ardor to save a lost world and to serve the Lord Christ, procure this precious manual of practical service in Christ's cause; and, baptized with the gift of power, the tongue of holy fire, devoted wholly to the interests of our common Redeemer, "stand up for Jesus" everywhere? The cause of Christ, in which is bound up the fortunes of our race, now suffers for fast friends, substantial supporters, and earnest advocates. How would "the garden of the Lord" flourish—how would the tender drooping plants of His own planting grow, if the Marthas, the Marys, the Lydias, and the Persises of the church were now, as of old, employed?

How would the untold millions of money, now vainly squandered in worse than useless ornaments, be directed into innocent and beneficent channels of love, were the women of the church to awake to their responsibility to Christ's perishing world?

How would years and ages of precious time, now wasted in idleness and frivolous conversation, be redeemed and devoted to God, if such a sense of personal responsibility to Christ were to obtain among the sisterhood of the church as a Scriptural activity in his cause would both require and create? What a dignity, and what a panoply for virtue, would enshrine the female character, were an active and responsible position, suited to her sphere, maintained by the Christian woman? If the low and the lost are to be raised and saved—if the wretched march to ruin is to be arrested—and if the votaries of vice are to be diminished, then let woman take hold of the more earnest measures of salvation with a vigorous hand, and let her feel the responsibility of her Christian office. Is one woman equal to seven men in philanthropic enterprises? Why, then, is she not at least equal in the beneficent work of soul-saving?

The pulpit may not be her best platform, but her testimony for Christ, for a risen Saviour, originally first in time, is not second in importance to that of men. How often is it that the business history of the male membership shuts up their testimony to a confession, not of Christ, but of their own inconsistencies, failures, and backslidings? How desirable, then, in such an emergency, for a devoted sisterhood to hold up a clear light?

Wyoming Conference.

H. R. C.

CORRECTION.—The Experience in our April number, entitled "Enlightened and Redeemed," is wrongly ascribed to "A. A. P.," he having only prepared it for press. The writer's name was withheld.—Ed.

BOOK NOTICES.

CAPT. RUSSELL'S WATCHWORD; OR, I'LL TRY.
BOSTON: HENRY HOYT, 9 CORNHILL. NEW YORK: SHELDON & CO. 1859.

Capt. Russell tells a very interesting story, full of valuable instruction to young people, of an eventful life in which he was stimulated to successful exertion by the recollection of the tender tones of his mother's voice, whispering, "Try, my son, try." We can conscientiously recommend this volume as not only a suitable, but a superior, book for the family and Sunday school library.

HEMLOCK RIDGE; OR, ONLY DAN WHITE'S SON.
BY THE AUTHOR OF "TALKS ABOUT JESUS."
BOSTON: HENRY HOYT, 9 CORNHILL. NEW YORK: SHELDON & CO. CHICAGO: WILLIAM TOMLINSON. CINCINNATI: GEORGE CROSBY.

This is a well-told story of the son of a miserable drunkard, who, by the wholesome teachings of a pious mother, became a true Christian and a prosperous man. It illustrates forcibly genuine temperance principles, strikingly contrasting their excellence with the evils of intemperance. The members of our "Cold Water Armies" and "Bands of Hope"—and such, we hope, are all the little folks—should read this pretty and instructive volume.

I'M WEARY.

ARRANGED BY REV. W. MC DONALD.

1. I'm weary of sighing, O fain would I rest, In the far distant

Alto.

The first system of musical notation for the song 'I'm Weary'. It consists of three staves: a vocal staff (treble clef), an alto staff (treble clef), and a piano accompaniment staff (bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics '1. I'm weary of sighing, O fain would I rest, In the far distant' are written below the vocal staff.

land of the pure and the blest, Where sin can no longer its

The second system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics 'land of the pure and the blest, Where sin can no longer its' are written below the vocal staff.

blandishments spread; And tears and temptations for - ev - er are fled.

The third system of musical notation, concluding the first verse. The lyrics 'blandishments spread; And tears and temptations for - ev - er are fled.' are written below the vocal staff.

- 2 I'm weary of hoping where hope is untrue,
As fair, but as fleeting as morning's bright dew ;
I long for the land whose blest promise alone,
Is changeless and sure as eternity's throne.
- 3 I'm weary of loving what passes away,
The sweetest, the dearest, alas, do not stay ;
I long for that land where those partings are o'er,
And death and the tomb can divide hearts no more.
- 4 I'm weary, my Saviour, of grieving thy love,
O, when shall I rest in thy presence above ;
I'm weary, but O, never let me repine,
While thy changeless love, and thy promise are mine.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, By H. V DEGEN, in the Clerk's Office
of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

[Original.]

WALKING ALONE WITH JESUS.

BY REV. A. A. PHELPS.

It required no very great energy of spirit to consent to be identified with the worshippers of Jesus, when "the multitudes that went before, and that followed, cried, 'Hosanna to the Son of David!'" It was a very pleasant and desirable thing to be a disciple, amid the beaming glories and celestial radiance that gathered over the *Mount of Transfiguration*. Nor is it difficult, at the present day, for Religion to win its numerous votaries, when its *charms* are so attractively exhibited as nearly to conceal the *cross*, and thus secure the sanction of the rich and great. Popular sympathy will generally be excited if the assurance can be given that "any of the *rulers* have believed on" Christ. Many seem to feel themselves doubly safe and doubly satisfied in their religious course, if, in addition to the changeless promises of God, they are also favored with the cheering presence of surrounding friends. It must be remembered, however, that the circumstantialities of our earthly pilgrimage are liable to ceaseless change. The "sunny-side" of external prosperity will not always greet us with its fascinating smile. A great diversity is manifest in the outward conditions of different Christians, and of the same Christian under different circumstances; a diversity often requiring the strongest faith and richest inward experience to face in triumph.

Though an easy thing to be a Christian when the *multitude* bow in adoration at the Redeemer's feet, it requires *grace* to follow Jesus "without the camp, bearing his reproach," when all the world seem to have turned against him. Peter, James and John enjoyed a privilege which all might covet, when they gazed upon the snow-white robe and shining face of their Divine Master, transfigured before their eyes, and possessing such unearthly attrac-

tions as called down two glorified spirits from the realms of light to commune with him for a brief hour on that memorable occasion. "Lord, it is good for us to be here!" said they, as they lingered around that hallowed spot. O what manifestations of celestial glory—what fresh proofs of their Lord's Divinity—what renewed impulses of the life-current within them—what strengthened ties of affection, binding their hearts to Christ more strongly than ever, are all associated with that sacred scene! Will they ever think of being unfaithful again? Can they not *die* for Jesus now, if occasion demand? Alas for their stability, as the day of trial approaches! How the memories of the past have faded away, and cruel fear now possesses their hearts! The enemies of the cross—the accusers of Jesus—appear in sight, and, lo! deep horror seizes the disciples, and they all abandon their gracious Master to the mercies of the cruel mob!

So in our day. Almost any one can live religion in a time of general revival, when multitudes are rallying to the cross, and one seems almost irresistibly wafted along by the breath of prayer and the burst of praise; but a searching, trying, sifting time is to follow, *and it requires grace and nerve to stand when the fire comes!* How pure and free appears the moral atmosphere that blows in gales of grace over our "feast of tabernacles" in the leafy grove! How easy *then* to throw off all restraint, and with hearts refreshed and gladdened by showers of redeeming mercy, to worship the "God of our fathers!" Oft have we felt to exclaim, as we mingled in such hallowed associations:

"My willing soul would stay
In such a place as this,
And sit, and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss."

But we knew it must be otherwise. And all should be fully awake to the fact, lest unexpected trial prove their overthrow. Camp-meeting seasons will not always continue. A few brief days, and the hun-

dreds of happy faces that greet us now will be scattered far and wide. We must gird the gospel armor tightly about us and go out to grapple with stern realities. Home-influences and home-oppositions, it may be, will loom up in fearful array, testing our utmost fortitude and grace. We shall meet with little sympathy from a frowning world or a faithless church. The masses have no eyes to see the true bearings of spiritual things — no hearts to appreciate the inward workings of the Holy Ghost. If, in the fulness of our hearts, we seek to magnify the “riches of grace,” by testifying how freely the “blood of Jesus cleanseth” us, we may not expect universal credence in our testimony, nor universal sympathy with our position. Suspicious glances and half suppressed (if not loudly proclaimed) opinions about “high professions” will indicate the popular pulse, and teach us that there is something more than imagination in the idea of *standing alone with Jesus*.

We are social beings; and we can easily perceive the tendency to mutual dependence in an unlawful degree. Though it is made a plain duty to “bear each other’s burdens,” and help each other on, by exhortation, prayer, Christian intercourse, and charitable acts, yet there is an important sense in which every disciple must stand and fight and fall *alone*. The stupendous destinies of immortal existence hang trembling over the decisions of our own individual and self-determining wills. *Alone* we must pass through the shady valley of tombs, and *alone* go up to receive the changeless sentence of our final Judge. Though myriads of spectators may witness the scene, *God and our solitary souls will be the only parties*.

The principle of faith and love and universal obedience must be so deeply planted in our souls as to abide the fire and the tempest, and live right on through all the vicissitudes of mortal life, holding the heart steadily fixed on God and heaven, irrespective of all below the sun. We

must be bent on serving God and sharing the final triumphs of the redeemed, though earth and hell should unite their most malignant forces to oppose us at every step. What though human friendships should all be sundered, and the millions of earth should constitute one unbroken line of hostility, hurling the darts of hellish hate, and pouring out the bitterest anathemas upon our heads; can we not afford to abandon our earthly affinities, “smile at Satan’s rage,” and *walk alone with Jesus*?

There is a secret meaning in these words, we are convinced, which none can fully appreciate but the deeply devoted. There is such a thing as being weaned from this delusive world, and *shut up with God*. In a very deep and peculiar sense, we must be *saved from each other*. Human sympathy may be sweetly soothing to our aching hearts, but it can never meet the deepest wants of our nature. The inner soul cries out for bread which must be furnished directly by the hand of God himself. The fellowships of kindred spirits are sweet beyond expression, but not half so sweet as when we draw the curtain between us and all created things, and *walk alone with Jesus*! Not all the resources of universal nature can keep the soul from famishing, if Jesus is withdrawn, but while he retains full possession of that soul, it will exult in a consciousness of its own unmeasured wealth, though all other treasures should be swept away. Who can estimate the riches of that aged disciple who, as she sat down in loneliness and obscurity, with only a dry crust of bread to satisfy the cravings of appetite, was heard to exclaim, in thrilling accents, “*All this, AND JESUS!*”

Lima, N. Y., May 3, 1859.

LEISURE. — “Many will have cause to complain to eternity of those leisure times which might have been improved to the advantage to eternal blessedness.”—*Owen*.

[Original.]

DESIRE — INCONSISTENCY — REFLECTION.

BY M. N. D.

"I desire the blessing of holiness, but I don't know as it is for me."

"He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him."
Ps. 145: 19.

THE more we reflect upon the privilege as well as the duty of the believer in Christ, the more we are convinced of the inconsistent, though almost uniform practice of too many professors of religion while relating their Christian experience. And we have been led to ask ourselves the question, can they be sincere? Do they really know what they are saying? Not, however, that we would be understood to question their honesty, but whether they are not more or less indifferent, or, in other words, whether their desires are really intense. We have often heard persons express the same desires in social meetings, and elsewhere, but were never able to say their desires were realized; while at the same time, God, who is the author of spiritual desires, is not only able and willing, but *anxious* to fulfil them. Not only have we been convinced of inconsistency, but of actual *reflection* upon our blessed Redeemer, who has so emphatically declared that, "whatsoever we ask the Father in His name, it shall be given."

Dearly beloved, if you are of the class of which we spoke, we wish kindly to address you; and though we may speak somewhat plainly, yet regard us not as being possessed of a censorious spirit, for we are aware that such is not the spirit of Christ. Our motive is pure; being desirous to point out a great inconsistency in which you are indulging, hoping thereby you may be profited.

Do you say you desire the blessing of holiness, but don't know as it is for you? If so, we would ask, *do you REALLY desire?* That you may better know whether you really desire, it may be proper to ask

what is desire. Dr. Walker defines it thus: *A wish to obtain or enjoy; again, to long for, crave.* Is this your experience? Do you long for the blessing of holiness? Do you crave it? Does your whole nature cry out for the living God? Do you feel a sense of *want, emptiness, insufficiency?* That 't is worse than death your God to love, and not your God alone? That you cannot rest "till pure within?" If so, you are not far from the land of Beulah, where the sun never sets, and where there are no lions in the way. If not, you are not prepared to ask admittance. You *must be in earnest.* But if this is your experience, we would ask, who gave you this desire? Did Satan, the adversary of all good? Certainly not. He never inspires one with a desire for holiness. His business is to make you believe you can get along without it, and get to heaven at last; and that even if you should come into possession of it, you would lose it. Did *man?* Who then? It was *God*, the King of kings, and the sole Author of spiritual desires. He gave it you. If this is the case, we would ask what did he give you such a desire for? Simply that you might *seek* and *obtain* and *live* what you so much desire. For we cannot suppose for a moment that our heavenly Father will cause us to desire what is not for us to enjoy. But, beloved, whatever he inspires as to desire is his will that we should have. What! can we indulge the thought that our Heavenly Father would cause his children to long, to crave, to weep, to cry, to seek, and to pine for more of him, or for a clean heart, and not give us even any encouragement in reference to it? Never! But that state of grace you desire to enjoy, viz: a clean heart, or entire holiness, is not only taught in his revealed word by command, but by exhortation, by precept, by prayer and by *promise.* Hallelujah forever! Yes, praise the Lamb; "it breathes in the prophecy, thunders in the law, murmurs in the narrative, whispers in the promises, supplicates in the

prayers, sparkles in the poetry, speaks in the types, glows in the imagery, and burns in the spirit of the whole scheme, from its Alpha to Omega, from its beginning to its end. Holiness! Holiness needed! Holiness required! Holiness offered! Holiness attainable! Holiness a present privilege, a present duty, a present enjoyment, is the progress and completeness of its wondrous theme!" Glory be to Jesus forever and forever!

Then, if it is the Lord's will that your desire be fulfilled, has he not ability to do it? You certainly cannot falter here, for his will and ability link together. What he wills to do he has power to do. It is impossible for it to be otherwise. Is there any limit to the power of the Redeemer's blood? Is it not all-efficacious? We will not limit the Holy One of Israel, for in Him is everlasting strength.

Then, if he is able and willing, is he not *anxious*? Do you doubt this? If so, you must cast your doubt away. He most certainly is anxious to do it, and will, just as soon as you will let him. Yea, he is *waiting*. Believe it; that he is not only able and willing, but anxious and waiting to save. It cannot be otherwise. We argue this from two considerations. First, he is anxious to save the whole human family; and the only reason why they are not saved is, because they will not be. Secondly, that you may be better qualified to labor for him, which qualification you *cannot* have, as it is his will you should have, until you are sanctified wholly.

Now, dearly beloved, in the light of all this, do you still say you do not know that it is for you? Say it not again, for you have reflected upon your Redeemer too much already. If you were in perishing want of temporal blessings, and a friend of yours, having an abundance, should not only be willing, but anxious to aid you; so much so that he would call on you and state that he wished to supply all your wants; what do you suppose he would think if you should continue to say,

you desired help but did not know as it was for you? Would he not regard you as fanatical, or, at least, as telling what was not true? Would not your very name and presence be repulsive to him? Would he offer his aid more than thrice, think you, if you refused it? And how do you know but your Heavenly Father will deal so with you? He not only knows you desire to be holy, but he *gave* you that desire. Then, will you say you do not know that it is for you? Say it not again, lest he withdraw his Spirit from you, and leave you in dense darkness, but come immediately to the fountain of blood,

"Drawn from Immanuel's veins,"

and plunge beneath its purple flood, and have all your stains, your depravity, your unlikeness to God, bleached out by its mighty, its meritorious, its cleansing power. Is now the language of your heart,

"He wills that I should holy be,
That holiness I love to feel?"

If so, by the omnipotence of faith, naked faith, declare:

"No more I stagger at thy power,
Or doubt thy truth, which cannot move;
Hasten the long-expected hour,
And bless me with thy perfect love."

Pendleton, Nov. 6, 1858.

SELF-DENIAL. — The best sacrifice to a crucified Saviour is a crucified lust, a bleeding heart and a dying corruption. Let the ambitious man lay his pride in the dust, the covetous man deposit his treasures in the banks of charity and liberality, and let the voluptuous epicure renounce his cups and feasts, and this will be a sacrifice to Heaven better than whole hecatombs." — *South*.

THOUGHTS. — "Voluntary thoughts are the best measure and indication of the frame of our minds. As the nature of the soil is judged by the grass which it brings forth, so may the disposition of the heart by the predominancy of voluntary thoughts." — *Dr. Owen*.

[Original.]

SELF-RELIANCE; OR, THE
YOUNG MISSIONARY.

Scranton Parsonage, Pa., April 23, 1859.

DEAR BROTHER DEGEN:—

You will see by my address that I am a visitor at the residence of the Rev. B. W. Gorham, junior editor of the Guide. Dr. P. and myself have been here several days in answer to the request of our Scranton friends. The Lord has wrought graciously, and we trust that over one hundred have been newly justified.

My object in writing just now is to transmit a letter which I think calculated to both interest and instruct some who in training the members of their household for God would fain be guided into the way of holiness. It was not written for publication, and is addressed by Mrs. Helen Baldwin to her sister by marriage. You will recognize in the youthful missionary Mrs. B., the daughter of Rev. B. W. Gorham, who, a few months since, was laid on the altar of missions, and united in marriage to the Rev. Mr. Baldwin of the China Mission. Of her training for the grave responsibilities of her calling, and her unswerving abilities, one may indeed judge hope fully from the tone of this letter. Would that all Christian parents were alike affectionately firm, as is the father of Mrs. B., not only in ordinary holy culture, but in cultivating similar habits of *self-reliance*. Then might choice offerings for the missionary altar be more abundant, and disappointments be less frequent.

Yours truly, PHEBE PALMER.

SHIP EMPRESS, Atlantic Ocean, }
Oct. 25, 1858. }

MY OWN DEAR SISTER:

It is just three weeks ago to-day that I saw you last; and as the question arises, *when* shall I see you again, I am reminded that many days, weeks, months and years must come and go before it will be possible! This seems very sad to me; and there are moments when my heart grows impatient, and I feel as if I could not bear so long a separation from those I love so well at home. But, dear sister, life for me has stern duties, and I trust that when I reach my China home, and get really engaged in my work, time will pass so rapidly that I shall not realize my long absence from you.

Our voyage thus far, *abstractly considered*, has been a very pleasant one. The weather has been delightful. How I wish you could see a sunset such as we

have on the ocean at the close of every clear day, especially since we entered the torrid zone. This morning I was awake in time to see from my window the most beautiful sunrise that I ever saw. When the weather will permit we spend our evenings upon deck. I cannot tell you how lovely everything appears; the moonlight reflected upon the water, together with the refreshing evening breezes, and the gentle motion of our ship, renders this part of the day far more pleasant to me than any other.

Where we are now the weather is very warm, and would be nearly insupportable were it not for the wind with which we have been favored thus far. We hope to reach the equator soon. Our accommodations are very good, indeed; the greatest inconvenience is the smallness of the state-rooms, which, during very warm weather and long nights, are very close and hot.

I suppose you are all wondering if we have been sea-sick. Well, I can tell you the *facts*, and only hope that you may never know, from experience, the disagreeable sensations resulting from this malady. On the afternoon of the first day, just before tea time, I was taken vomiting, notwithstanding all my assertions that I was not going to be *sea-sick*. I was very sick indeed. I don't remember ever to have felt so wretched before, and I hope never to again, as I did for the first two weeks of our voyage; I can't describe it. I am sure I never saw any one at home that acted as if they felt as sea-sickness makes one feel, so — I can't illustrate by example. Sick at my stomach all the time; vomiting half-a-dozen times a day; by way of variety, crawling about from berth to sofa, from sofa to deck, and from deck to cabin again; having no ambition to move, and feeling that every step required as much effort as it would to fit out a second Dr. Kane's expedition to the North Pole. Since I recovered from the first attack I have suf-

ferred severely from headache; I am beginning, however, to feel quite like myself again.

Stephen is very well, and we are *very happy* in each other's society, notwithstanding our painful separation from all our *very dear* home friends. You are constantly in our thoughts, dear sister, and whenever we pray, you are remembered. I hope you will not grieve too much for us; you know there must be a limit to everything, and so long as you can know that we are well and comfortably situated — and I trust in the path of duty, too — you must try to think of us with cheerfulness. God will take care of us, dear sister, and I trust bring us home to you all again, in his own good time.

Have you joined the church yet? This step, whenever you take it, will require some effort on your part. I hope, however, you will not fail to do it. *You must not*; you cannot live religion out of the church; and when once in the church, strive to "adorn your profession by a well ordered life and a godly conversation." Religion *that makes itself felt* is not fashionable, especially among young people, and, if you would excel in piety, you must expect to be called *singular*. Any thing that I can write will fail to express to you, dear sister, the anxiety I feel for your welfare. I hope, therefore, you will receive kindly the counsels of an absent sister, even though they may sometimes take the form of *advice*.

I was taught in early life to believe that every young lady should be able to support herself; and since the spring before I was *seventeen* I have earned all the money I have used, besides laying aside *one hundred dollars* that I did not need. When father first told me that he deemed such a course necessary for my own discipline and future good, I thought it very hard indeed, and could not see how I should be at all benefited; but from the position I now occupy, the matter looks very differently to me. I am thankful

that my course in life was guided just as it was, by my dear father. He was right. Every young lady should so educate herself that she could support herself, if required to do so. This is doubly requisite in your case; because your position is such that, the probabilities are, you will be called to care for yourself sometime; and it is well to prepare for such possibilities. You are a kind of dreamy girl, and it always seems to me as if there was something in you that has not as yet been fully awakened. How I wish I could persuade you to labor for the accomplishment of some worthy object. No one ever excels in life who fails to have some *definite* aim. Why not prepare yourself for a teacher? You certainly have natural abilities, and at present this is a very inviting vocation. Come, sister, make up your mind at once; break away from all associations that will tend in the least to fetter you; let all your friends understand that you intend to live a Christian life, and to do what you can for the good of others. They will respect you for your course; for nothing renders the female character more lovely than ardent piety. This, together with a good education, will fit you for great usefulness.

Miss Mary Lyon is said to have frequently made the remark — "Oh, young lady, as they bear your body to its last resting place, may all who have known you be able to say, '*she hath done what she could.*'"

Perhaps we cannot hope to have as much as that said of us, dear L.; but I trust when we are gone, there will be a few who can bear testimony to our efforts to do good.

How I love you all! Very frequently I visit you in my dreams, but morning light finds me on the ocean still. I will write to uncle and aunt soon. You must remember, I have not long been able to write. *Pray for us.*

Yours in love, always,

NELLIE M. BALDWIN.

[Original.]

A VARIETY CHAPTER.

THE oracles of God are not vague and unmeaning, as was the oracle of Delphi. They are the "sure words of prophecy," — a *light* by which our steps may be guided, a *rule* which may be *applied*. Paul writes to the children of God: "Ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father." Our natural perceptions tell us unerringly whether we are walking shrouded in Egyptian gloom or amid the glare of meridian sunlight. Equally positive may we be whether "the sun of righteousness" is shining in our hearts, "with healing in his wings" or we are "yet in our sins." "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." We cannot be thus "led" unconsciously, for it must meet the concurrence of our own will. We cannot "rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in every thing give thanks," without a positive, inward consciousness that the God-man has prevailed. The vagueness which characterizes the experience of many, may doubtless be accounted for by the evident fact that they have never been truly regenerated. Caughey says: "Many professors in the Christian church have never been born again. 'Tis true, there is a great change in them; a change pervading their whole conduct. 'Tis true there is stillness, but it is the stillness of death; there is peace, but it is the *peace of the tomb*. The circle of ceremonies is filled up, but you never hear them say, 'O how I love the closet! All hail, sacred hour of devotion!' No; their religion is a religion of fear; and all hopes they have of heaven are based on their fancied freedom from evil, on reformation, on profession." R. H. C.

The month of May, 1857, will ever be remembered by me with the deepest interest, for it marked a new era in my spiritual life. For three years I had en-

joyed religion, and during that period had often been filled with "joy unspeakable." But my joys were not abiding. There was a strange proneness in my heart to wander, and the Holy Spirit deeply impressed my soul with a sense of my great need of inward purity. The purity of God's law stood out in strong contrast with my own impurity; and yet that law appeared so excellent in its claims as to induce a strong desire for perfect conformity therewith. Holiness appeared so lovely that I longed to possess it. I groaned and wept and prayed to be released from the bondage of inbred sin. At times my faith would almost grasp the blessing; but rising doubts would soon obscure the light, and leave me again in darkness. One evening, however, after a day of unusual darkness and temptation, I sought my closet, feeling, as I bowed before God, that I could no longer endure the burden of inward depravity; and with all the earnestness which intense desire imparts, I pleaded with God for a "heart from sin set free, and full of love divine." I asked not for happiness, but *holiness*. I gave myself to God, a living sacrifice, and He, — blessed be his holy name, — accepted the poor offering and sealed me all his own. Then did he speak precious promises to me, by which I was enabled to quench all the fiery darts of the enemy. And to-day, this hour, my heart calmly rests on Jesus, my righteousness, sanctification and redemption. J. C.

* * * During all this time God was watching over me, and, I doubt not, preparing me to receive his special grace. At length a dispensation came which prostrated me, soul and body. I knew God sent it. I felt through all my being that God was dealing with me, and it seemed as though I was as much alone with him as if there had been no other person in the world than myself. I was awed, I was stricken, I was humbled. I felt that God was talking with me; — human talk seemed

vain and irksome. There was no opposition on my part. I seemed emptied, and ready to be filled with whatever God might pour into my heart. I think the first feeling I was really conscious of, after suffering, was submission. With it came calmness, then peace, then trust. I thought of the future, and found there was none of the fear that formerly had a place in my heart. Soon such a joy overspread my soul as I had never known before, unless the first rapture of the new birth was like it; but it seemed even sweeter and purer than that. From that time to this, I have never seen a moment when I wished to have anything that concerned me any other way than just as God had arranged it. It is not that the circumstances of life are less trying now than formerly. Perhaps they are more so. Nor have I been destitute of outward buffetings and inward trials; but underneath them all there is a solid peace which I never lose. I rest entirely upon Christ. There is nothing in the least irksome in his service. I know of nothing that better illustrates my love to Jesus than that of a little child to a generous parent — a *confiding* love. God sends just what he pleases, and I think it is exactly right, because it pleases *him*. H. W.

I stood beside the grave of one dearest to me on earth. It was eventide, and solemn silence reigned around the lonely orphan. The memory of joys that were past came crowding on my sorrowing soul. "And is this all that remains of one so loved and so lovely?" I asked, but no voice replied. "Oh! my dear, departed one will not, cannot hear! She sleeps too soundly the sleep that knows no waking, until the trump of God shall arouse the slumbering dead! O Death, inexorable Death! what hast thou done? Let me bow down and forget my sorrows in the slumbers of the grave!"

While thus I mused in agony, the gentle form of Christianity passed by. She bade me look upward, and to the eye of faith

the heavens were disclosed. I heard the song of transport coming forth from the great multitude around the throne, which no man can number. These were the happy "spirits of just men made perfect," bright and glorified in their heavenly home. Among them shone the spirit of her I mourned, and I longed even then to go up and possess the land of promise, from the grave of my mother. In that blest clime, happiness would be pure, permanent, perfect. But I wiped the bitter tears from my eyes, thanked God, and took courage, saying as I departed — "All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come." M. L. F.

It has been near ten years since God converted my soul. During this time I think I have never cherished an intention to go back into the Egypt of sin, but chosen "rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." It was not, however, till about three years ago, while listening to a deeply impressive sermon in defence of the doctrine of entire sanctification, that I became convinced of the possibility and importance of its attainment. My mind now became so much exercised on this subject, that every book I could get which treated on it was secured and perused with avidity. Meanwhile, no work was allowed to take the place of the *Bible*, which I considered my safest text-book. Fasting, and every means I could think of, which had been recommended by others, were observed. Yet still the blessing lingered.

During a protracted meeting last fall, my desire for a clean heart became so intense that I felt I could not live without it. Beginning now to see that I had been depending too much on my own works, in all the simplicity of my heart I asked my heavenly Father to teach me just what I was, and how to trust in him aright. Then, while kneeling at the Lord's table, and looking to my Redeemer for assistance, I

was enabled to make a complete surrender of all. Just here the thought was suggested: "You are *not prepared* to receive the blessing." "Well," said I, "if not, it is evident *I am not able* to make this preparation; therefore will I cast preparation, heart, soul, body, friends, with all I have and am, on the sacrificial atonement." Here at the foot of the cross I continued pleading the promises of God, endeavoring to act faith in the same, till a stream of heavenly light and love burst in upon my soul, causing me to "rejoice with joy unspeakable. O what sweet peace and rest I now enjoyed! Now I knew for myself, and not another, that "the blood of Jesus cleanseth from *all sin*;" and sang with increased interest and appreciation that sweet hymn,

"Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine."

M. K. H.

Sometimes darkness and confusion seem to settle down upon me; everything is vexing and crossing to my feelings; pride is mortified; I seem to lose favor with the church and the world, and I know not which way to turn, or what to do. Then in despair I go to God with it all, and begin to pray for help and light and salvation. All at once the light breaks in, the cause of my leanness appears, and the Omnipotent finger is plainly discernible, pointing out the way of deliverance; and when the humbling process has been complete, I am enabled to see that I was getting a little puffed up with spiritual pride; imagining that I was of some consequence to the church, and that by pursuing a certain accommodating course, I might exert a good influence over the young. What infinite mercy is it that reaches out an arm to rescue from such snares of worldly policy and vain ambition! E. A. F.

On the seventh of January, 1857, I stood by the death-bed of a Christian. I gazed upon his pallid face, so sweetly calm; met the last look of affection; felt

the last pressure of his hand; saw him gently breathe his last, and turned from that bed-side — *a lonely widow*.

For some time previous to my companion's illness I had been enabled to live in a state of entire consecration to the service of God. When I was compelled to know that he was soon to be taken from me, though nature shrank and cried, "Can I give him up?" — yet the gentle monitor whispered, "You consecrated *all* — husband and children." My heart responded: "Yes, Lord, all that I have is thine; and I cannot withhold even this beloved object." And when I saw him laid in the narrow house; when I returned to my cheerless home, and gazed upon my helpless babes, I still felt to say: "Thy will be done." Thus far I was kept from all murmuring. Had I thus continued to rest my all on Christ, I should have been saved the subsequent scene of suffering. But I grieved the tender Spirit of God; and here I would tell just where I stumbled. In consequence of my ceaseless labors and night-vigils, my system was prostrated, and my mind enfeebled and powerless. When I came to my stated seasons of devotion, it seemed that I could not pray; could not frame a sentence, so benumbed were my mental powers. My only realization, upon throwing myself at the footstool of mercy, was a spirit of submission to the divine will. But the tempter now began to say: "You cannot pray; you have lost the blessing you claimed." I began to believe him, and my way grew darker from that hour. I "groped for the wall" as one blind. I was in anguish of spirit. I felt that to lose my present Saviour was a thousand times worse than to lose a husband. My cry was, "Lord, where am I, and what wilt thou have me to do?" The answer came: "Only believe." I did not heed it as the Spirit's voice, but kept struggling. That voice continued to follow me with the simple words, "only believe," for nearly three weeks, till I began to heed it as

coming from God. O how well I recollect the change in my feelings, the moment I said, "It is the Spirit's voice." A little light broke in. I deplored my unbelief, and humbled myself before God. O what power was now given me to consecrate all anew! My heart cried, "Now only for the witness, and I shall be satisfied!" But my mistake was quickly corrected by the answer that came: "He that believeth, hath the witness in himself." The "great salvation" was again my portion. Glory to Jesus!

H. F. C.

[Original.]

BIBLE PROMISES.

BY E. V. B.

"He that overcometh shall inherit all things, and I will be his God, and he shall be my son." — *Holy Bible.*

"And there shall be no night there," Rev. 22: 5.
But bright and endless day.
When the shadows of this changing life
Shall all have fled away.

"For the Lord God giveth them light," Rev. 22: 5.
And the purified walk therein,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Saved from its guilt and sin.

"And His name shall be in their foreheads," —
Rev. 22: 4.
And the name of Him who died
To save their souls from misery,
The name of the "Crucified."

"And God shall wipe away all tears" Rev. 21: 4.
For naught but peace and love,
Will in that fair and happy land,
Dwell with the saints above.

"And there shall be no more death," Rev. 21: 4.
But life forevermore;
When the Christian's warfare's ended,
"And earth's sorrows all are o'er.

"And I will give him the Morning-star," —
Rev. 2: 28.
To the "Just" is the promise given;
And they shall live and dwell with Him —
And He with them — in heaven.

TEMPTATION. — High places are dangerous places. "Those that stand high are concerned to stand fast." — *Henry.*

[Original.]

REVIVAL INCIDENTS.

BY MRS. E. R. WELLS.

CROWDS were daily seen wending their way to the Methodist Church in —, and nightly its capacious seats were densely thronged with attentive listeners. Revival influences pervaded the entire community, and the people for miles around flocked to see and hear, while the immediate residents were generally aroused upon the all-absorbing subject of religion. In stores, hotels, shops and counting-rooms, the revival was the one theme. For days that throng was held by the force of truth to the one question, "What is it to be a Christian?" The searching tests of God's Word were applied until even the most devoted among them felt, "Lord, who shall abide thy coming, or who shall stand in the day of judgment?" Soon, conviction deep and pungent, was evinced by many of the leading members of the church; conviction of failures and sins; conviction of the lack of saving grace; that they had even lost their first love, and often frank acknowledgment of their true position followed.

Plain, unembellished gospel truth was mighty and prevailed, and old foundations were found, in many instances, to be of sand. Members of other churches of every sect were aroused, and together bowed around the chancel of prayer. Old professors and young sought earnestly reclaiming grace and the baptism of power. Some who had been years connected with the church found, under the light of truth and influence of the Spirit, that the dust of the world had so blinded their eyes, that they saw not clearly the law of God; their ears had become so deadened by the sound of gain, that they heard not the entreaties and warnings of the gospel; their hearts had become so hardened by contact with sin and sinners, that they felt not its claims.

Others saw they had relied upon past

experience. They knew that, years before, God, for Christ's sake, forgave them their sins. They then had this assurance, and since had maintained a tolerably consistent course, had loved, in a degree, the means of grace and the people of God. But they now felt that they had *restraining* and not *saving* grace. They saw that the assurance they first felt, they would have retained, and grown in grace daily, had they not backslidden in heart; that their experience then was but a glimmering of the light and salvation they would now possess had they continued in a state of acceptance with God, and that instead of knowing nothing of advancing strength and power, they would have been able to tell of victories over nature and the powers of darkness, and of constant hungerings and thirstings after righteousness. They well knew that upon their hearts had rested condemnation; condemnation of duties neglected; of conformity to the world in spirit and life, and of refusing to "go on unto perfection." They had shunned this injunction. They would not allow it was directed to *them*, but to some privileged ones. But now, how does truth flash upon their consciences, and the demands of the world and the voice of God, in thunder tones, reiterate the words, "Be ye not conformed to the world, but be ye *transformed* by the renewing of your minds!" Others saw theirs was a religion of *party*. They loved *their Church*, and would sacrifice freely to promote its interests; just such a spirit as actuates a member of an association of Odd Fellows, Sons of Temperance, or a political or educational organization. It was not a *saving* religion, and in God's eye could be counted as of nothing worth. While others, again, perceived that they had been drawn to the church, not from any love of its doctrines, usages and privileges, but from their love of association, and that the restraints it imposed were irksome.

Night and day, that altar presented a scene of weepings and groanings, strug-

glings and pleadings, tremblings and rejoicings. So intent were those bowed there, upon their own state, that they heard nought but the wild lament of their own spirit; saw nought but the fearful catalogue of time misspent, talents unemployed, wealth lavished on the body, while the immortal soul had famished for lack of food. They, there, amid that mingling of shouts and groans, were *alone with God*. Arrayed in His presence and to their view, were all the acts of life and their relations. Looming from the long buried past, as if conjured up by some magic wand, came *hours* of worldly and sensual pleasure; hours winged with blessing but ungratefully received; *means*, lavish and profuse, but thoughtlessly enjoyed, without recognition of their source; *talents* frittered away upon vanity, and moth-eaten and covered with rust, for want of use. The rushing tide of thought and memory, in quickened power, did its Creator's bidding. Under a sense of unworthiness, their hearts failed within them, and in the agony of their spirits they cried, "Lord! save, or we perish!" With tears and groans indescribable did they call upon God. Piteously bemoaning their perversion of Heaven's gifts, sincerely repenting and solemnly consecrating themselves to God and his cause, irrevocably his; all their interests, temporal and spiritual, for time and eternity, subject to his direction,—in accordance with his will. Thus consecrated, they were enabled to see the willingness of God to accept such a sacrifice, because of his Son's blood and intercessions; to see, by faith, the Saviour spreading his hands and showing his wounds for them before the throne; to apprehend the Spirit as waiting to apply the blood, and in the fulness of their souls cried out, "all things are now ready. *Jesus, Master, I come to thee; thou canst, thou dost save me!*" Shouts of joy broke forth from each heart, as one after another they stepped into the pool. And why should they not shout? Shall not *man*, who has

been *redeemed* by the blood of the Son of God, shout the high praises of his King? Said a dying saint, when requested, for fear of injury, to *whisper* the praises of God which swelled from his quivering lips: "*Let the angels whisper, for they have never been redeemed; but let a sinner saved by grace, shout the praises of God!*"

Soon awakening influences reached the impenitent and ungodly of all ages and castes. Those who had been drawn to the house of God by the plain dealing with the church, and who were glad to hear confessions from its members, of sins and backslidings, and who assented heartily to the elevated standard of piety exhibited, now were troubled. The truths uttered gained their confidence; they felt that there was a fearless, outspoken declaration of the principles and practices of a Bible Christianity, and no covering of sins that had application directly to professed Christians. They knew that the gospel was being preached among them; such a gospel as their understandings approved and consciences acquiesced in, and hearts longed to receive. Thus, committed to its truthfulness, and vindicating its claims upon professors, when this mighty battery was turned toward them they could not resist its power, and many scores found redemption in the blood of the Lamb. The infidel acknowledged such a salvation worth seeking, and the openly profane and vicious felt it just met the demands of their being, to save them from their sins.

This Church was one which for years had been among the strongholds of Methodism. But for a few years previously, declining business, removals, and death, had greatly weakened its force. The predecessor to the pastor who witnessed this glorious revival, had labored most assiduously, and with signal success. Its financial embarrassments were removed, the church and parsonage tastefully repaired, and several souls converted to God — so that the enfeebled band took heart again.

The character of the membership was held in good esteem in the community. They were consistent and morally upright in their lives, and exerted their proportion of influence, with other churches. In their observance of the means of grace, no individual church, perhaps, could be found whose members more generally attended the classes and prayer-meetings. Although possessed of many excellences, yet, as of the Church of Ephesus, "the Spirit of the Lord had somewhat against this, that it had left its first love." And when, in the light of God's law, they viewed themselves, and were weighed in the balances of the sanctuary, fearful was the result. Many of them found that they

"Had rested in the outward law,
Nor knew its deep design"

And now we look to see the effect of this outpouring of the Spirit, in the particulars before described. The number in attendance upon the sanctuary was largely and permanently increased, so that although since business reverses have been sad and extensive, still that congregation is much larger than before this revival. But this is as nought to the increase of fervor in devotion, the hearty response, the lofty shout of praise, which must be witnessed and enjoyed, to be appreciated. In the public congregation, from the gallery, as well as the pews, is often heard the assent of a hearty Amen, or the loftier strain of "Glory be to God!" The choir is joined in their singing by the congregation, and as the pastor exhorts them to sing, "not one in ten only," but all and "lustily," the old, familiar songs of our fathers roll from lips and hearts touched with live coals from off the altar of God. The more devoted portion of the Church then commenced kneeling in the public congregation, and continue to this hour. One effect of this change was soon seen in the apparelling of the membership, and the missionary treasury received much surplus of forbidden adorning.

Before this revival, there was not in the

church one witness of perfect love, but now many enter into this land of Beulah. Some are now preaching the word, and others holding official positions. And now, we present a few illustrations of practical import, occurring during this season of refreshing. And first,

THE TIMID ONE.

There was a sister of irreproachable character, whose husband was a man of the world. She was faithful at class, but so excessively diffident, that it was with the utmost difficulty she could speak intelligibly, and her trepidation, evinced by trembling, was so great as to elicit the sympathy of all. But, see her at the altar of prayer! Mark that agonized look! Hear those inexpressible groans! See how her every feature bespeaks a conflict most severe! We are reminded forcibly of the words of the poet:

"My heart-strings groan with deep complaint,
My flesh lies panting, Lord, for thee,
And every bone and every joint
Stretches for perfect purity."

But, look again. A heavenly calm is settling upon her brow, a smile radiant with the light of heaven steals over her countenance, and words of triumph come exultingly forth from those lips! See, with what quiet dignity she leaves the house of God, with this new baptism upon her heart.

The congregation fill the house, and from the centre a voice is heard telling of the great salvation; the utterance perfect and distinct, and the words such as only a pure heart indites, and sanctified lips employ. Every heart is spell-bound by the power which attends it, and nerved by divine strength, the present attainment of this uttermost salvation is urged upon all with a pathos and unction which only the Holy Ghost can inspire. *This is that timid sister!* She stands, this hour, saved of God. Opposition, persecution, such as but few conceive, has been her portion, but she is firm for truth and holiness. Gentleness and meekness combine to ren-

der her character lovely, but not compromising. Unyielding in principle and faithful in duty, she stands a monument of the power of grace to render that mighty and efficient, which was fearful and powerless.

An instance of the elevating power of a bible Christianity, is that of a

POOR WASHERWOMAN.

She came to the altar of prayer, and soon found peace. Her life had been such as to cause fear upon the part of the Official Board in receiving her name as a probationer, and when this expired, although her walk was godly and she made rapid advance, they hesitated long before admitting her to full fellowship. Five years have passed, and that sister is the most gifted in prayer, the most mighty to prevail with God of all that female band. During the "union meetings" referred to, she almost invariably took part in the exercises; and such is her reputed piety, and devotion to God, that all denominations join to commend her as an ensample of the power of grace. Her faith in the promises is remarkable. When a Professor in the Academy was seeking God, last winter, becoming discouraged in his effort, he was directed to this poor washerwoman as the most probable one, in all the community, to lead him to the Saviour. Surely, "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty, and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen; yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are; that no flesh should glory in his presence."

Illustrative of the power of conscience, enlightened by the exhibition of gospel truth, is that of

AN AGED SINNER.

He was a man of wealth and position. His pious and devoted companion, a few weeks previously, had gone to her rest.

Her last request in the class-room was, "Brethren and sisters, don't forget to pray for my husband." Heart-stricken and desolate, he presented himself as a subject of prayer, seeking the salvation that his now sainted wife here exemplified and enjoyed. Several evenings passed, and still he made no advance. The sympathy of the church was concentrated upon him, but all of no apparent avail. One night, he was seen suddenly to rise from the altar and leave the house. Surmisings of the cause were rife, and many concluded that he was offended with the, so-called, "noise." The next evening, he was present and at the altar. Soon prevailing prayer rose to the throne in his behalf; hope revived, faith enkindled, and the people of God became certain of victory. Roused by the impulse of the spirit and faith of the church, he cast himself, the guilt of misspent time, of a long life, upon Jesus the Saviour. Peace—the peace of God which passeth all understanding, filled his heart, and he arose a new creature.

That morning, a widow lady received through the post a sum of money due her husband, a score of years, and unknown to him or his executors. A mistake in settlement occurring in this man's favor, and unacknowledged these long years, was brought by the spirit to his vision and rested upon conscience, until it stood alone the hindrance to life eternal. Like Belshazzar, on the night of feasting and revelry, the finger of God traced in unmistakable characters, the guilt upon his soul, and restitution was the only alternative. Surely "The word of the Lord is quick and powerful, sharper than a two edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and is a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart."

DELIGHT AND DESIRE. — "Desire is love in motion; delight is love in rest." — *John Howe.*

MARY LYON. — Not only did she rear one of the noblest structures for female education that the world ever saw, and in the face of opposition and obstacles, which a spirit less determined than hers would have deemed insurmountable, and in an age when the popular voice clamored against an extensive and liberal system of instruction for woman; but she perfected a plan of culture so enlarged, so far reaching in its influences, so glorious in its results, that the world will never cease to gaze, and wonder, and admire. Not only do we see the fruits of her labor, and toil and example in the beautiful valley she so much loved, and among the fair daughters of our own beloved land, but where the Pagados of the Orient rise; beside the fair waters of the Irriwaddy; and on the banks of the dark rolling Ganges; their dusky children shall rise up and call her blessed, and her name shall be had in everlasting remembrance, for she kindled the mission flame among her youthful flock, and many a young heart, baptized with the spirit of her beloved teacher, rested not till she joined the band of laborers upon those far-off shores where heathen temples tower and glitter beneath tropic suns, and profane altars are built to the worship of the unknown God. Mary Lyon has passed to her reward; but her works shall live forever, and the spirit that animated her shall not die, for her mantle shall fall upon those who reverently walked in her footsteps, and listened earnestly to her instructions. Her remains repose within the beautiful grounds of her own beloved Mount Holyoke Seminary, and her grateful pupils have reared a marble monument to her memory, on one side of which is inscribed her own memorable words — "There is nothing in the universe that I fear but that I shall not know my whole duty, or shall fail to perform it."

A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.

[Original.]

ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION.

BY REV. W. S. T.

TO BE CONFESSED — TO WHAT EXTENT,
AND WITH WHAT TEMPER OF MIND.

"Sanctify the Lord God in your hearts; and be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you, a reason of the hope that is in you, with meekness and fear." — 1 Peter iii. 15.

WE entertain no fears but that the generality of the readers of this magazine heartily believe in the *desirableness, possibility, attainability and Scriptural sanction* of the privilege of entire sanctification, or "a clean heart." This being granted, we may just state that the phrase "sanctify the Lord God in your hearts," if it does not as explicitly teach the doctrine held by the advocates of this eminent Christian privilege as some other Scriptures, yet it very naturally suggests it, both by its terms and its connections. This allowed, we propose an examination of the duty devolved on those who believe they have experienced this blessing, to *confess it, and to what extent, and with what temper of mind.*

I. THEN THE DUTY OF CONFESSING WHAT GOD HAS DONE FOR US HEREIN. This duty is clearly indicated in the above Scripture, unless we have wholly misapprehended its meaning. But there are other passages enjoining this duty we may call to our aid, should this fail to produce conviction. "For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." (Rom. x. 10.) "Whosoever shall confess me before men, him shall the Son of man also confess before the angels of God." (Luke xii. 8: Mat. x. 32.) "Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord." (Is. xliii. 10.) "Whosoever, therefore, shall be ashamed of me and of my words, in this adulterous and sinful generation; of him, also, shall the Son of man be ashamed when he cometh in the glory of his Father, with his holy angels." (Mark viii. 38.) "Ye are

the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid. Neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel," &c. (Mat. v. 14-15.) These, with other indirect passages, may suffice to satisfy us that it is the duty of all who know Christ as a present and entire Saviour, to declare it to his honor and glory.

On this subject there is a division of sentiment, even among the friends of the doctrine. Some hold that it is not really essential that a public verbal *confession or profession* of this attainment should be made. They incline to the opinion that the exemplification of it in the life of the participant, is sufficient, and is preferable to a verbal or written profession. It is true that a mere verbal or written confession of what God has done for us herein, without the exemplification of it in the life of the individual would be worthless, and might bring a measure of reproach upon the doctrine; but while we would lay the greater stress upon the silent, but telling, power of a holy example, yet we would only make the public verbal profession of what God does for us, in sanctifying our hearts, second in importance to this. While the first is to be done, the latter is not to be left undone. We think this sentiment is generally held by those who simply assent to the doctrine as an article of religious faith, but have never experienced its soul-ravishing joys and holy peace; nor are hungering and thirsting after it. Is it assuming too much to say, that those who have never attained this high state in grace are not the most competent to decide a question of so grave importance as this? Especially is this position safe, while there is so much in God's word requiring and sanctioning it.

But there are eminently pious and intelligent Christians who seriously question the propriety and beneficial influence of professing to enjoy the blessing of "perfect love," except privately, and to a select few, who can appreciate it and

sympathize with them. But, it seems to us that this view, however honestly entertained, is not a little liable to the charge of putting our "light under a bushel." God does not give us light or grace thus to be used. He would have us honor him by declaring what he has done for us, with humility and reverence. But we will have occasion to notice this latter point before we are through. The objections urged by our brethren, for their views against the public profession of the blessing of entire sanctification, are, that it savors of egotism, or spiritual pride; that it encourages ignorant persons to profess it, who are apt to employ terms that are offensive and misleading to those who hear their testimony; and that persons too often profess it who evidently know nothing about it, theoretically or experimentally; and in this way the precious doctrine is brought into contempt. There is some truth and plausibility in these objections, but they lie with equal force against the public profession or testimony of the pardon of sins and regeneration, or, incipient sanctification. If they are a valid and sufficient reason in the one case, they certainly are in the other. But the advocates of this opinion do not believe that these are a sufficient reason for not publicly testifying that God, for Christ's sake, has pardoned one's sins. Great contempt and odium are sometimes brought upon an open profession of religion in the ordinary sense, by the ignorance, improper expressions, and inconsistencies of many of its professed friends; but shall intelligent and consistent Christians withhold their testimony because these evils exist? because these misfortunes are likely to occur? Nay, we think that these are rather reasons why well-instructed, prudent and consistent Christians should give in their testimony. Two important things will be secured by the intelligent testimony of such; first, ignorant and inconsistent witnesses will be instructed and reproved; and second, the mouths of gainsayers will

be stopped, and God glorified thereby. It is only thus we can, in the full Scripture sense, confess Christ before men, and "give to every man a reason of the hope that is in us." It is not sufficient to "believe with the heart unto righteousness," but "confession" must also be made "with the mouth unto salvation." While Christ most severely rebuked the ostentation of those Pharisees who loved to pray in public places and make loud professions of their righteousness, yet, on the other hand, he as clearly taught the impossibility of being his real disciples, if we attempted to conceal the light which he has kindled in our hearts. We are to steer the middle course between these extremes; while we would avoid "*Charybdis*," let us be equally sure that we do not make shipwreck by running on "*Scylla*."

On the other hand, most of the wisest and holiest of the advocates of Christian Holiness, hold that it is not possible to retain the witness of cleansing for any great length of time without professing it more or less frequently. We are constrained to think that this opinion is strongly sanctioned by God's word, by common reason, and by experience. If it is an express command of God, we may not disregard it, and yet retain his full favor. It must, of necessity, be attended with loss of spirituality. "Now the Lord saith, for them that honor me I will honor." To confess him before men, is one way to honor God, and a way of his own appointment. Says Christ, "If any man serve me, him will my Father honor." And it is certainly part of the *service* we owe to Christ, to proclaim him an entire and a present Saviour from all sin. How can we, rationally or scripturally, expect to neglect so plain and reasonable a duty, and yet stand fast in the liberty and full privilege of Christian believers? Mr. Fletcher, than whom no holier man has lived since the days of the apostles, was fully convinced, by his own experience, that he was not able to retain the evidence

of his entire freedom from sin, only when he frequently and publicly declared what God had done for him. If we remember correctly, he lost the evidence of his being entirely sanctified some four or five times, during his earlier experience in the "*deep things of God*;" and he found by strict self-examination and the teachings of the Holy Spirit, that his refusal to witness to all that God had done for him, was the cause of his retrograding. In his later Christian experience, when he embraced every suitable opportunity to testify to the great work done for him, and in him, by divine grace, he never again lost his consciousness that the blood of Christ cleansed him from all sin. The experience of hundreds, since his day, only confirms that of Mr. Fletcher.

This prepares us to speak briefly of

II. THE EXTENT OF THIS PUBLIC PROFESSION. That is, *when, where, and what shall be the strength of the testimony* thus given? It is but proper to say, that prudence and judgment should be exercised therein. We claim for the confession of the blessing of "perfect love," the same prudence and judgment that we would for the blessing of justification, as to time, place, &c.; no less, no more. Our prudence herein, on the one hand, should not degenerate into that *rigidity* that we shall, in effect, occupy a *neutrality*, that will rather place us in the ranks of the opposers of Christian perfection than among its favorers and witnesses; while, on the other hand, our zeal should be well tempered, or, "according to knowledge;" so that it shall not injure the cause, that of all others we love most, by improprieties that will offend the good judgment of those whom we would win to our belief.

As to the *time, or when*. When God opens the way to say a word for him on this blessed subject. As, for example, when conversing with God's people, and they directly or indirectly introduce the subject. It is not best to *thrust* our views on those whom we know do not favor the

doctrine, or are strongly prejudiced against it. We are in duty bound to "to give to every one that asketh us, a reason of the hope that is in us," touching this privilege. And we are always "to be ready" to do this. When there is a more general inquiry and interest awakened on this subject than usual, it is a proper time to give in our testimony. After a revival, when converts have been multiplied, and need instruction that they are to leave the "first principles," or elements, and go on to perfection—to press toward the mark of their high calling.

Touching the *place, or where*. It is appropriate and called for in the experience meeting, at class or conference meetings, love-feasts, in band meetings, or those specially appointed for the purpose of praying for and considering this subject. It is appropriate for the minister in the pulpit to preach upon it, as a special theme, though every discourse ought not to be altogether, or mainly, on this doctrine. But, as the beloved and devoted Asbury did, so may ministers now have something of it in every sermon. In regard to efforts in a private way, we have anticipated ourselves. But, a word on

The strength of the testimony we are to give on this subject. It should be strictly truthful. Better a little under than above. This implies that we should thoroughly examine ourselves; understand our real state before God. In bearing testimony in favor of entire sanctification, should we have retrograded, we ought, with the utmost fidelity, to confess the fact, and give as nearly as we may, the reasons; with our confidence in the truthfulness of the doctrine, and our resolves to seek again, until we find "the pearl" of greatest price. It is just here many mistake and injure the cause they honestly desire to serve, by their refusal to confess their backslidings, lest they might be thought by some never to have attained the grace of "a clean heart." To tell the whole truth is, then, the surest way to honor God

and his cause. This is best, even though one may have mistaken a gracious baptism of the Spirit for the blessing of entire sanctification.

But, we should pay some regard to the terms, or rather the expressions, we employ in stating our experiences. This should be so especially when we are speaking in the presence of those who are prejudiced, and do not understand what we teach on this subject. For example, when among those who say, or think, we teach *absolute perfection*, it would not be best to say, "I am perfect;" "I am holy;" "I am sinless;" &c., &c. Mr. Wesley's remarks on this point are well-timed and judicious. I am not able now to put my hand upon them, but they are substantially these: "At such a time I was powerfully blessed. Since then I have enjoyed perfect peace. There is nothing in my heart contrary to love," &c. When in the presence only of those who sympathize with us, it is not so *material* as to expressions or terms, inasmuch as they will not be misled by them; but even here, it will be well to form the habit of speaking carefully and intelligently. Nor should we speak so *strongly* as to *appear* to undervalue the blessing of justification or regeneration. There is some liability to this. There are some excellent Christians who agree with us in the *thing*, but will not be benefited at the first, if the doctrine be stated to them too strongly. The very strength in which we state it, may drive them from its investigation. We may tell them it is "perfect love," "loving God with all the heart," "it is being wholly the Lord's," &c.; and with this they cannot find fault.

III. A WORD IN REGARD TO THE TEMPER OF MIND REQUIRED IN WITNESSING ON THIS ATTAINMENT. It should be with "*meekness and fear*," or *reverence*. Let great humility be observable in our words and manner. Let us be sure always to ascribe all the glory, honor and power thereof to God. Let "us into

nothing fall," and exalt Christ. This should be our prayer:

"Sweetly let my spirit prove,
All the depths of humble love."

Let us avoid anything savoring of censoriousness, or imperiousness, in speaking on this subject. Meekness and humble love will invest our testimony with a more compelling energy than anything else, both to seekers and the enemies of entire sanctification. Are we, dear readers, jealous of the honor and success of our beloved doctrine of Christian Holiness? Then let us candidly ponder the points set forth in this article. And that we may be as wise as we are harmless herein, let us seek for wisdom and direction from the Holy Spirit.

Downieville, Feb. 15, 1859.

[Selected.]

"LEAD ME TO THE ROCK THAT
IS HIGHER THAN I."—Ps. lxi. 2.

"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."
In its shelter I'll hide while the storm passes by;
I'll yield like the floweret that bends to the gale,
And bows without breaking when tempests assail;
Then, rising anew when the storm is o'erpast,
Adore Him who sends both the calm and the blast.

"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."
When the glare of the noontide is fierce in the sky,
When faint from the "burden and heat of the day,"
Oh, lend me thy screen from the sun's burning ray!
Within thy cool shadow my altar I'll raise,
And send up the incense of prayer and of praise.

"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."
When the night-wind is chill, to thy covert I'll fly;
Beneath thy protection my couch while I spread,
No damp of the midnight shall fall on my head;
And when the bright morning sheds light through the skies,
My grateful thanksgiving to thee shall arise.

Oh, draw me, kind Father, in faith to thy side;
In thy "secret pavilion" I fain would abide.
My Covert in danger, my Screen from the heat,
My spirit's Refreshment, my one sure Retreat,
Oh, strong Rock of Ages, my frailty sustain!
Though mountains should crumble, thou still shalt remain.
— Rel. Mag.

[Original.]

LINES WRITTEN TO U. S. H.

DEAR FRIEND:

In a late number of the "Guide," I find a short communication from you to the editors, in which you express yourself as having lost the blessing of holiness, and do not know how or when you lost it. You also desire to be informed of your present spiritual state. I take my pen in hand this evening, to try and aid you in finding out your whereabouts. But, before you read the following lines, I hope you will read the 5th, 6th and 7th chapters of Matt., and spend fifteen minutes in secret prayer. Then, read the remainder of this article, and let this be the cry of your heart: *O Lord, teach me!* It is not an uncommon occurrence, for persons to lose the blessing of entire holiness several times, before they are established therein. Therefore do not be discouraged or despairing. To your Bible, and to your knees. The Saviour yet pleads your cause at the throne of grace. Hear his lovely voice: "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." But you desire to know why you are thus; probably this will be a proper answer: "Your sins have separated between you and your God." You lost the blessing when you disbelieved. "The just shall live by faith;" "We walk by faith, not by sight." "Without faith, it is impossible to please God." But the question arises: why did you disbelieve? I cannot tell precisely, but hope you will give the following points, at which we *may fall*, due consideration. In order to retain the blessing of perfect love, it is indispensably necessary to be *holy in all manner of conversation*. The *tongue* must be bridled. "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body." (James iii. 2.) Holy persons, to retain their purity, must abstain from fleshy lusts, which war against the soul; they must be very temperate in eating and drinking. They must use that quality and quantity of food

which they are convinced is best for their health; for if they eat or drink otherwise, their own hearts will condemn them, and God is greater than their hearts. They must read the Scriptures daily, and also pray in secret daily. They must be very humble, patient and self-sacrificing, because no one can enter this high state in the divine life, without first making a personal sacrifice of their souls and bodies, with their earthly goods, to the service of the Lord. They must consecrate *all*, ALL. Then they must *keep* the sacrifice upon the altar, Christ Jesus. They must be very careful to improve their time according to the will of the Lord. They must be active in the service of God; "to whomsoever much is given, much will be required." They must be careful not to grieve the Spirit in *small things*, (so called by formal professors). "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption."

In conclusion, I would say, examine yourself closely by the word of God, in regard to the points mentioned above. See, dear friend, if you have paid all the vows you made to the Lord. Hear him say: "Pay thy vows." Read some portion of the Holy Bible every day upon your knees. Never neglect to pray in secret. Remember, "we walk by faith, not by sight," or feeling. It is by faith we overcome the world—mighty, conquering faith in Jesus. Make a new start, just as though you were starting for the first time. Paul said, he forgot those things which were behind, and pressed forward: imitate him. Above all things, *keep your heart*. Think much and speak but little. Read Prov. iv. 23; x. 19; xviii. 21; xxi. 23; xvii. 27; xxvii. 2. Eccle. v. 2. Look to Jesus for help. "He will save you just now." Read John, viii. 36. I hope to hear from you again. May the Lord bless you speedily, and save you in heaven, is my prayer.

Yours in love.

W. B. OWEN.

[Original.]

"I WILL GIVE THEM A HEART OF FLESH."

BY B. S.

GOD hath given to his people many "great and precious promises;" the heading of our paper is one of them; God has a wise and benevolent design in so doing — a design very emphatically expressed, viz. "that they may walk in my statutes, and keep mine ordinances, and do them, that by these ye might be partakers of the divine nature." On this generally admitted point, we need not linger, but will pass to a brief consideration of the question, *how* will God "give them a heart of flesh?" The solution of this problem, if we may so term it, is of serious and practical importance to each one of us. God will verify his promise; he waits, it may be, to do it gently, tenderly for us — for each of us. He uses no harsh means toward the yielding, obedient, confiding soul. In such a case, his grace operates like spring showers, or will distil as "the dew upon the tender herb." O how sweet, how blessed thus to be "led beside the still waters," and to feed in the fresh, green pastures.

But we must take another view of the question proposed. Our hearts are naturally hard, unfeeling, unbelieving, and prone to forget God; hence stern measures are required to subdue and mould them after the pattern God has designed. There are three methods made use of to effect the object, each in itself separate, and yet co-operating together. We mean the teachings of the sacred scriptures, the providences of God, and the Holy Spirit. We now pause and ask, are we individually at this moment, prayerfully desiring "a heart of flesh," or in other words, a "tender contrite spirit?" if so, are we willing that God should take any course with us, to answer that prayer? Then be not surprised if he take from us a beloved child, a parent, a companion, or some other near and dear friend. The heart will, under such bereavement, begin to break down.

But we pass on. Our property is all swept away; we become homeless and penniless. Again the heart writhes in agony. But God sometimes goes on still farther; he permits our fancied good name, our idol reputation to be destroyed; we are counted as the offscouring of the earth, unfit to live. Seemingly we can bear no more, we think our cup of suffering is full. But he has not done with us yet, another blow is given. Our health and strength are prostrate. Surely all the waves and billows of affliction are now breaking over us. But we pass on a little farther; another trial more bitter than all the preceding may be ours. O! to feel that God does not listen to our prayers, and that he leaves us to feel he hath forsaken us, so that despair is settling down upon our soul, and we cry with the ancient patriarch, "O, that I knew where I might find him, — behold I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him!" The Saviour also, tasted of this grief, when he cried in the bitterness of his last agony, "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" The point is now gained; being brought thus far, the soul can feelingly sympathize with the apostle Paul, when he testified to having "suffered the loss of all things;" with the patriarch Job, also, when he said "I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." Victory follows! "the heart of flesh," is given! Precious treasure!

We say, then, that God would be answering our prayer for "a heart of flesh," if he took us through the entire process above specified. And now in conclusion, we remark, that God works by means; he adopts practical methods to fulfil in us and to us, all his exceeding great and precious promises. We think the bible sustains us in the position we occupy. The religion of the Bible needs to be more practically insisted upon if we would see the church purified, and sinners won from "the errors of their ways."

[Original.]

LIVING BY THE MOMENT.

BY REV. D. F. NEWTON.

"One by one the duties await thee;
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dream elate thee;
Learn thou first what these can teach."

BROTHER:

Is not this living by the moment *the* way, the sure way, the Bible way, the only true and safe way? the narrow way, the way the holy prophets went? David, the sweet singer of Israel, understood this way of living — practised it; published it. Hark! "Mine eyes are ever towards the Lord; for he shall pluck my feet out of the net." Ps. xxv. 15. Mark the saying, "ever;" his eyes were ever towards the Lord — all the time, on all occasions. What eye was this? His natural eye? Nay, his spiritual, his eye of faith — faith in God's word, faith in his promises; on these his eye of faith was fixed continually. Again he says, "I will bless the Lord at all times — his name shall continually be in my mouth." How could the Psalmist praise God at all times, unless he confided in him at all times? that is, lived by the moment. Hear him in another testimony: "I have set the Lord always before me; because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved." Ps. xvi. 8. Here the same sentiment is reiterated — the idea of living by the moment clearly and forcibly expressed. This living by the moment was doubtless the secret of David's holy living, his life, his hope, his joy, and rejoicing. So long as he continued to look to the Lord momentarily, he was not moved, turned aside by the world, the flesh or the devil. "It is God," says he, "that girdeth me with strength, and maketh my way perfect." "With the pure thou wilt show thyself pure." "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." Ps.

lxi. 1. This living by the moment is dwelling in the secret place of the Most High. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee." Mark also the expressions in the 119th Psalm: "Blessed are the undefiled *in the way*, who walk in the law of the Lord." "Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, and that seek Him with the *whole heart*." "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word." These, and numerous other passages in the Old Testament, have a direct bearing on this continued faith, or living by the moment. "These, also, do no iniquity; they walk in His ways." Ps. cxix. 3. When David, in an unguarded moment, turned his eye from "the author and finisher of his faith," ceased to live by the moment, he fell grievously, lost the blessing of perfect love! The loss was infinite! He felt it to be so. What then, his first prayer? for its restoration! Yes: "Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. . . . Create in me a *clean heart*, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." Ps. li. 10. Without a full restoration of this inward cleansing, David felt he was not prepared to glorify God in doing good, in "building the walls of Jerusalem." The doctrine of holiness, the inner life, or perfect love, is clearly set forth under the old dispensation. The Psalms are full of this glorious truth of entire consecratedness to God's service. The same blessed doctrine is clearly and forcibly set forth in the 2d chapter of Proverbs, from the first verse to the tenth. Also, in the first chapter of Isaiah, from the sixteenth verse to the twentieth. Beloved reader, what is there so very mysterious or objectionable in the doctrine of perfect love, or living by the moment — "looking to Jesus" now, this moment, the next moment, and the next? Is not the Bible on this point clear as the noon-day sun? This keeping the eye ever towards the Lord, was not only the secret of David's holy living and joyful-

ness, but the same, we believe, is true of all the Old Testament saints who walked with God continually. So likewise of the New Testament worthies, the apostles and primitive disciples: this doctrine of living by the moment, shines forth with renewed lustre and glory, under the new dispensation. Wesley, Fletcher, Clark, Carvasso, Lady Huntington, Maxwell, Madame Guyon, Taylor, Prof. Upham, Mahan, Finney, Mrs. Palmer, and all who are now in the enjoyment of the blessing of full salvation, tell us it is living by the moment, that they are kept in the constant fear and love of God, setting the Lord always before them, keeping the eye steadily on Christ, as their only Saviour, sun, shield, rock of defence, deliverer, wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. Living by faith, necessarily involves the idea of receiving by faith, and by the moment, and of receiving each moment, the grace necessary for that moment. O! blessed life, Satan finds no lodgement. Faith is a shield by which all the fiery darts of the enemy are warded off.

"Then is my strength by thee renewed;
Then are my sins by thee forgiven;
Then dost thou cheer my solitude
With hope of heaven.

No words can tell what sweet relief
There for my every want I find —
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind."

This living by the moment is the sum and substance of all we mean by entire consecration, "holiness to the Lord." Living by faith on the Son of God every moment, we live above the world, above sinning. Can we sin while looking intently to Jesus as *our* Saviour, meekly, humbly, confidently, perpetually? rejoicing in his love, his great salvation, doing whatsoever he commands us? This living by the moment, is the great secret of all holy living, the Bible doctrine for sanctification. All is on the altar, kept on the altar, time, talents, property, friends, reputation, influence, unbelief, all is given up, all set

apart *exclusively* to God's service. Our wills are God's, and God's will ours. Any objection to this plain, brief definition of perfect love? Will not every true disciple subscribe to it heartily? Brother, do you wish to live well, glorify God well, die well? live by the moment.

[Selected.]

"MY SAVIOUR LIVES."

I love to hear that voice of old,
Which over Patmos' rocky shore
Thus sweetly spoke: "I live! behold
I am alive for evermore!"

"My Saviour lives." No mortal ears
Can listen to more joyous strains;
High above yonder rolling spheres,
My God and yet my Brother reigns.

"My Saviour lives." He intercedes
Still as the Lamb, the Crucified.
"Father, I WILL;" 't is thus he pleads:
Ne'er was the boon he asked denied.

"My Saviour lives," and still his heart
Responsive beats upon the throne,
To every pang from which I smart;
He makes my tears and woes his own.

"My Saviour lives." If thus so near,
Ne'er at his will shall I repine;
His presence dries each falling tear,
Proclaims all needful discipline.

"My Saviour lives," and soon again
He'll come to take his pilgrims home
To feel no longer aching pain,
And from himself no more to roam.

"My Saviour lives," to see his face
My endless happiness will be.
Lord, independent of all place,
Where'er thou art is heaven to me.

LOVE OF GOD. — "The more the sinner knows and tastes of the love of God, the more he grieves ever to have sinned against that love. It is under the genial rays of this kindly love, that the heart, which was before bound up as by a deadly frost, begins to thaw and melt and loosen and the waters of repentance to flow freely forth." — *French, on the Prodigal.*